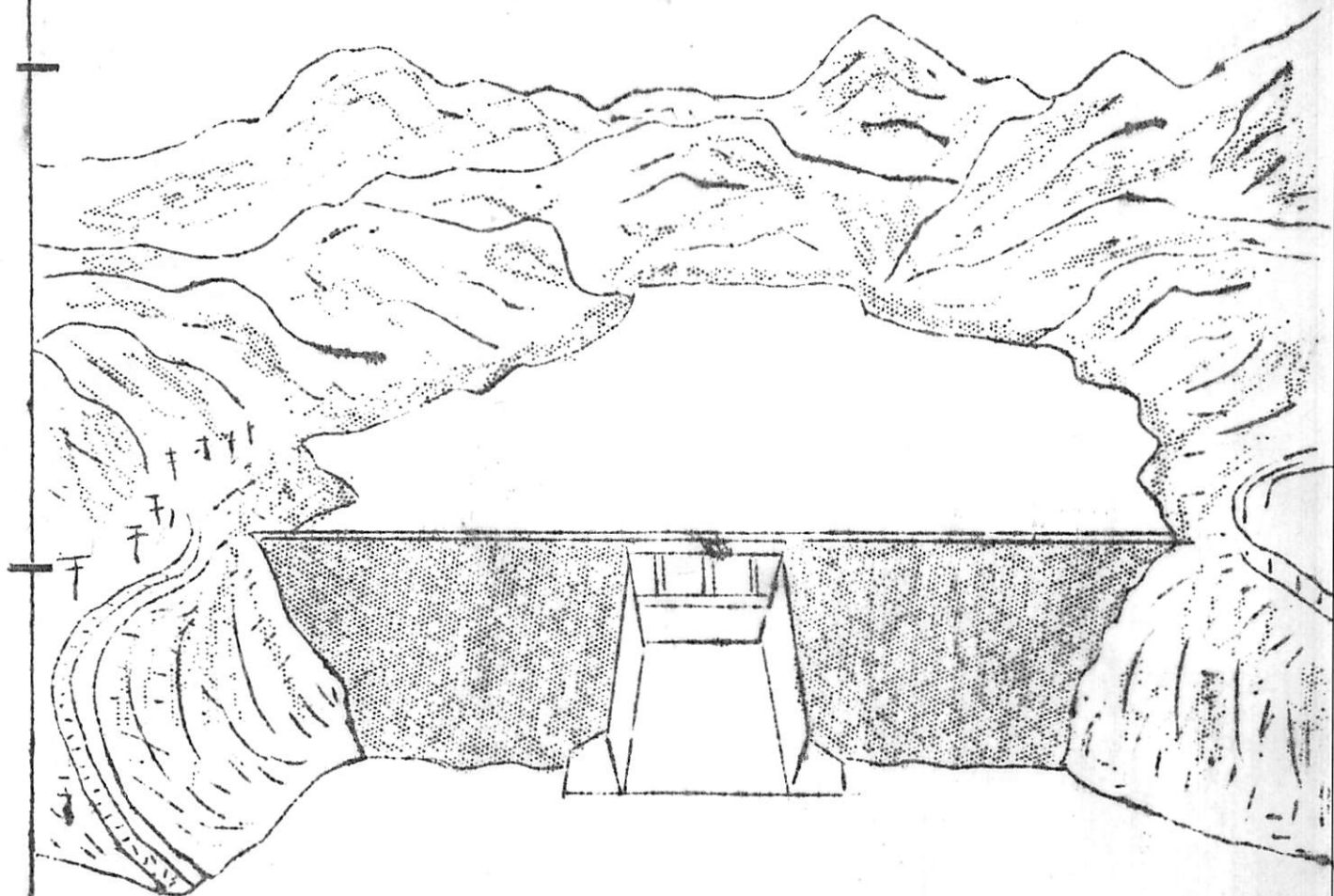


DEER CREEK BAR



OCTOBER 28, 1939

C.C.C. C.O. 4792

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DEER CREEK BR

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF CCC COMPANY 4792

VOLUME VIII NO. IX

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28 Oct 1938

Just Arrived!

Adams, C.	King, W.	Miles, O.
Allison, J.	Lancaster, E.	Minton, J.
Asbery, T.	Lee, W.	Mooney, S.
Baker, B.	Lincoln, W.	McDaniel, W.
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Buchanan, F.		Reed, C.
Callahan, C.		Richard, G.
Carpenter, Ed.		Richardson, D.
Carpenter, Y.		Samples, D.
Carr, H.		Sanders, M.
Clark, L.		Santhuff, W.
Cox, S.		Scaggs, C.
Dreger, G.		Seal, L.
Dye, G.		Selvidge, F.
Eubanks, B.		Skaggs, E.
Fears, W.		Smith, E.
Ferd, L.		Smith, D.
Foley, M.		Smith, Iwane
Fuller, J.		Southern, J.
Goforth, V.		Swells, G.
Graham, J.		Sparks, J.
Hampton, J.		Spratt, L.
Hatley, B.		Steelman, H.
Hatton, J.		Stephens, H.
Hill, C.		Stewart, P.
Hipps, L.		Sullivan, L.
Hinkle, V.		Sullivan, J.
Hosman, O.		Thomas, J.
Howell, O.		Thompson, R.
Huett, O.		Vancil, E.
Irman, E.		Vaughn, T.
Johnson, A.		Vineyard, E.
Johnson, G.		Wiedenhopf, W.
Johnson, H.		Weiman, A.
Johnson, R.		Wisdom, L.
Jordan, C.		Wood, J.
Jordan, I.		Wright, L.
Justin, A.		Young, W.



TOUCH FOOTBALL

With the purchasing of a new football and the finding of an old one, members of the company fell in with the season. Advantage should be taken of the weather - some good inter-barrack games could be played off this week-end.

In a game with the Camp-All-Stars the KP's were beaten 36-12 last Saturday.

FOOTBALL

Kenneth Muffett and William Camp joined forces with the Wasatch High Alumni in an attempt to beat the High School team. The score at the end of the game was 18 to 20 in favor of the High School team.

BOXING

Anyone interested in boxing or boxing instruction should report to the Educational Adviser. An effort is being made at the present time for a fight card to be held down town in the near future. Bouts will be available for all classes and weights.

BASKETBALL

As soon as the football season is over with and the weather gets cooler, camp basketball will begin.

As a whole Company 4792 had a successful season last year, but should have an even better one

ten complete basketball out-

fits, including shoes, are on hand and the small High School Gym can be rented as of last year.

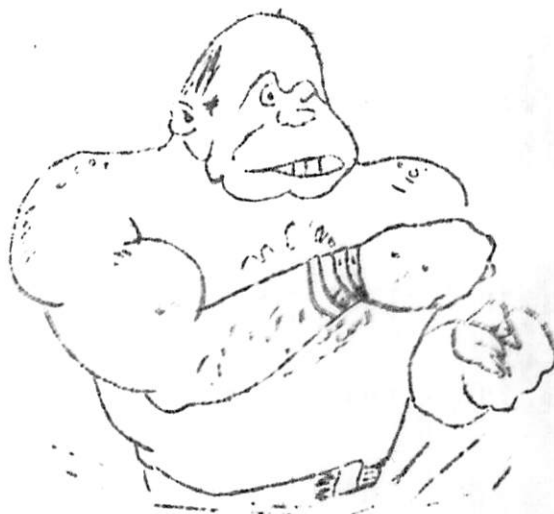
POOL TABLE

The pool table has recently been reconditioned and put in first class shape. A Cue Repairing Kit has been purchased and some new balls will be obtained as soon as possible.

DO NOT SIT ON THE POOL TABLE CUSHIONS!!!

PING PONG

Ping Pong is still holding the spot light in camp activities. Several new racks and a rack holder have been purchased and added to the newly remodeled table. These are for the use of all members of the company so please take care of them.



"Droopey" Simmons in his fighting mood (when asleep)

JOKES

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



Moran: "Lissen, young lady, I'll have you know that I lend color to any gathering I attend."

Girl: "Of course, you phony! I can see that you have a terribly red nose!"

Lessie J: "Tonight you're in my arms, your lips on mine - tomorrow, who knows?"

Gal: "Droopey, of course!"

Lieut: "Did you sweep under the rug?"

Dick H: "Yes, sir. Everything."

Wiggins says a Rolling Stone may gather no moss, but it gets around.

Pledger: "But, gee, if you're a one-man woman, why aren't you true to me?"

Woman: "That's simple. You're not a man!"

J. Lilly: "Say, toots, how would you like to have my ceeck next to yours?"

Gal: "Shaved, you mugg."

Then there is the story of the CCC boy in Heber who wanted to phone someone in Salt Lake City. It proved annoying when the operator said "Deposit twenty-five cents, please."

"What!" he cried, "twenty-five cents to call Salt Lake City? Why, at home we can 'phone to hell and back for a nickel."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but that is a local call."

Coones: "Who was the peach I saw you with last night?"

Nick H: "That was not peach! That was a fruit salad."

"What?"

"Yeh, she was sour as a lemon; she was as slippery as a banana; and when I squeezed her she hit me in the eye like a grapefruit."

"I hear you're gonna get married, Spencer."

"Yeah, that's right."

"How come?"

"You guess."

"OK. Her old man got you a job."

"Naw."

"Her old man's got lotsa dough and looks pretty sick."

"Naw. He's healthy as heck."

"I know. She inherited a lot of dough."

"Nix. Hasn't got a cent."

"Blackmail?"

"no."

"OK, I give up. Can't think of another reason."

"I love the gal."

"Oh, I knew there was a trick to it."

Foley: "I hear you're a three-letter man?"

Skinny B: "You mean I excel in three branches of sports, don't you?"

Foley: "No, you're always giving friends I.O.U.'s."